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The True Woman.

Edited by Mrs. Charlotte C. Nic Kay.

Vol. I.—No. 8.] BALTIMORE, OCTOBER, 1871. [Price 5 Cents.

OUR AIM is to advocate and promote to the utmost of our power, all that is truly ennobling and good for woman in the woman movement, but to enter our earnest protest against Woman Suffrage, which we believe would be an evil to her and to the country at large.

The True Woman.

Thrice happy she that is so well assured
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
That neither will for better be allured,
Ne fears to worse with any chance to start,
But like a steady ship doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keeps her course aright:
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fairer weather's false delight.
Such self-assurance need not fear the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favors seek of friends;
But in the stay of her own steadfast might,
Neither to one herself nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assured doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loves best.

EDMUND SPENCER, 1559–1593.

[For The True Woman.]

Lives and Opinions of True Women.

NUMBER IV.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

BY MRS. DAHLGREN.

It would be well for the women of America who involve themselves in the fierce agitations of regular campaigns, in order to obtain power, and who wish for a social and political controlling influence over men, to pause and contemplate for a moment such a character as that presented to us by the venerable and influential Madame Swetchine.

Some years ago, in the course of a conversation with the late Count Adam Gurowski, whose extensive observations upon men and manners had been matured by much study and profound reflection, we were led to speak of that distinctive influence which clever women in Paris have always had over the most gifted men, and of their '*salons*,' where were discussed all the great questions of the hour. Such '*salons*' as were so long held by Madame Récamier and Madame Swetchine. And why, we asked this learned man, have our women never gained this immense power to centralize thought, and to crystallize around them the highest forms of intellectual activity? Surely, we have women no less attractive, no less skilled in the conversational art, and equally capable to give thought its direction. It is strange, indeed, that the ambition of our fascinating women has never sought this legitimate channel of influence for the expression of talent.

"The only reason, Madam," courteously responded our friend, whose wont it was to be imperative rather than persuasive, "the only reason I can perceive is, that your women of culture have never sought to use power after this fashion; yes," he added, with his usual emphasis, "you have only got to seize it and wield it." Now, if any of our sisterhood are disposed to attempt this sort of triumph, we would suggest to them especially, as an exemplar, Madame Swetchine. For more than a score of years this remarkable woman exercised an unbounded influence over the minds of the many distinguished persons who constantly sought her society. Day after day, year after year, the men who loved to assemble in her drawing-room, led each in their turn, the thought of thousands of others. What a mighty influence thus emanated from that circle over which presided this Priestess of Wisdom! And what were the peculiar qualifications which enabled this woman, to the last hour of a long life, to exercise this moral power?

Our heroine of social life was *not* beautiful. Nor did she possess a special talent for dress, although she had a cultivated taste, and liked well to have her lady friends pay a certain attention to the esthetic in this matter, yet she could never have been considered a fashionable woman. Nor was she of that type of literary women, who care particularly for, and desire exclusively the society of men, while they disdain as something inferior to their elevated standard the companionship of women. She made no assumption of superiority over others of her own sex. On the contrary, she even had the most motherly solicitude and sisterly affection for the charming circle of beautiful and accomplished women who loved to surround her. She was not blessed by Providence with children of her own, but her maternal heart was conspicuous in her solicitude for an adopted daughter, and in the kind care extended to the young relatives who often visited her. She made them her children. What, then, were the peculiar gifts of this distinguished woman, which made her so lovely a type for her sex? When we attempt to analyze her character, we find that *religion* was the corner-stone. She was truly pious. The early morning of each day found her a devout worshiper at Church, and she only left the Temple of heavenly aspirations to visit the sick and poor—of these there were always a number—objects of her tender care. Returning home, still at an early hour, her husband claimed her first attention, and to him she devoted a certain time, especially when the increasing infirmities of old age made her friend more and more dependent on her. Indeed, to our apprehension, the affectionate reverence with which General Swetchine regarded his wife, forms the only blot upon the perfect beauty of the picture. He seemed to feel that there was a disparity, and that she was a superior being. A true home picture would transfer this reverential emotion to the wife. She never failed each day to devote some happy and coveted hours to study, and this privilege was greatly prized by her. She used to beg her lady friends never to omit a morning hour given to study, claiming for that portion of the day a greater mental activity. Later in the day the circle of friends whom she received came to see her. A "salon" or drawing-room, and a library, composed the modest apartments, which were constantly filled by the first men and women of Paris.

The interesting sketches of her life give us a rare assemblage of names among her faithful visitors. Such names as those of De Falloux, de Montalembert, Lacordaire, Père Ravignau, Donoso Cortès, de Broglie Alexis de Tocqueville and a Galitzin, form only a small number of the eminent personages of whom this rare woman makes the central figure. The qualities which command for her this undisputed and continuous sway are here conspicuous. This pious, motherly, womanly woman, is above all the queen of *good sense*, extraordinary judgment and great intelligence, counterbalancing breadth of mind and vigor, richness and tenderness of imagination.

She hears all, judges all impartially, and ever evenly holds the equipoise which prevents a tendency to extremes of opinion in those around her.

Thus she became, and was acknowleged to be, what so many women amongst us might also become, *an umpire for society*. Let all those women who seek influence so eagerly that they would snatch the coveted prize through hard-fought battles, pause and reflect that here is a woman who held the highest intellectualities enchained at her feet, by virtue of being womanly.

In the writings she has left us, we find that every sentiment breathes a mature thought, elevated by religious meditation.

Madame Swetchine was a Russian. Her husband, General Swetchine, having given offense to the Emperor Alexander, they lived in Paris, virtually exiled. At the time they suffered this ostracism she had already attained the age of thirty-four, so that youth no longer lent her its charms; and yet, an exiled stranger, entering the most brilliant society of civilization, she soon obtained this signal position.

We repeat to ourselves that Parisian society is frivolous, until we accept it as a foregone conclusion that it is so. And yet, when shall we find again such a brilliant galaxy of men, who do constant homage to the virtues of a true woman? She acts as moral umpire over this coterie year after year, where she is admired and revered, because she is good, wise and intellectual. Let our women look to it, that they create such an atmosphere around them as to raise men up to this high standard. It rests with them to choose. Either to be the frivolous creatures who may only serve to amuse an idle hour, or to become social centres, and assist to elevate the aims and aspirations of men to an ideal excellence. To do this, their daily lives must present a mirror of every Christian virtue. But when women dawdle away their time, and men find them without culture, and the tenor of their lives altogether meaningless, they cannot expect any other fate than to have the subjection of superior intelligence over silliness imposed upon them. Yet, surely in all our beautiful cities we may claim women who are capable of holding such a position as Madame Swetchine so long held in Paris. And we may find men, who, seeking after the highest attainments and the greatest excellence, will be glad to give such women a moral sovereignty. Through such a power, thus acquired, what reforms may not be inaugurated for humanity?

[For the True Woman.]

Woman Suffrage.

By Miss J. R. Trembly.

Mrs. Editor:—While examining a specimen copy of your valuable paper, my eye caught this sentence: "Our object is to urge those women who feel that it would be an evil—to earnest, united action in opposition to it." There are various reasons why we not only *feel* that this would be an evil, and a very serious evil, but we *know* it will be such.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that Woman Suffrage is just and proper. Are American women in a condition, at the present time, to engage in such an undertaking? The lives of very many, and we may say a large majority, are spent in all the frivolities and follies of this degenerate age, with seemingly no sense of the responsibilities of life resting upon them. To appearance, their life-mission is to live for self and the enjoyment of the present moment. Can we trust the future welfare of our noble country in the hands of such?

Let me ask the advocates of Woman Suffrage if access to the ballot-box will have a tendency to reform such. Will it make them better companions and associates, better sisters, better wives, better mothers, better *Christians?* Will it have a reformatory influence upon such? Or, on the contrary, may it not prove a great maelstrom to whirl them on more rapidly to perdition? Would it not be far better to pursue a different course that they may learn that there is something higher, nobler, better for which to live? Think you that the holy apostles would unite in such a movement and lend their influence in its favor? Let us see. "The aged women likewise, that they be in behavior as becometh holiness, not false accusers, ... teachers of good things; that they may teach the young women to be sober, . . . to be discreet, chaste, *keepers at home*, good, obedient to their own husbands, *that the word of God be not blasphemed.*"—Paul. "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, *with shamefacedness* and *sobriety*," &c —1 Tim., ii: 9. "Let your women keep silence," &c.—1 Cor., xiv: 34. Hear what the ardent, devoted apostle Peter thinks of such things. 1 Peter, ii, 1–6: "Likewise ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear. Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, *but let it be the hidden man of the heart*, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a *meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.* For after this manner in the old time, the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands; even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, *calling him lord*; whose daughters ye are, *as long as ye do well.*" Who shall say that these men of God did not know what they were talking about? "These things were written for our admonition."

Battle Creek, Mich.

[For The True Woman.]

Female Suffrage in New Jersey.

By Miss S. Fenimore Cooper.

Much stress has been laid by the advocates of Female Suffrage on the fact that in one State of the Union, and in a past generation, the women were admitted as voters at the polls. The example of New Jersey is often quoted. But, in fact, very little is generally known of the details of those proceedings. The history of the movement is simply as follows: The earliest laws of the colony of New Jersey confined the suffrage explicitly to the *freemen* of the Province. In 1709 a law prescribing the qualifications of electors, again, in the plainest language, restricted the suffrage to *male freeholders* owning one hundred acres of land, or worth fifty pounds of real and personal estate. Such continued to be the law until the Revolution.

By the Constitution of July 2d, 1776, the elective franchise was conferred upon *all inhabitants* of that colony, *of full age*, worth fifty pounds and having resided for a twelvemonth previous to the election in the county where they claim the right to vote. Language very similar was used in different acts passed until 1790. During all that period not one woman appeared at the polls.

In 1790 there was a revision of the law. The subject was referred to a committee of the Legislature. On that committee was a prominent member of the Society of Friends, Mr. Joseph Cooper, of West Jersey. As women were allowed to vote on religious matters among the Quakers, Mr. Cooper claimed that they ought also to vote on political questions, and quoted the words of the Constitution of 1776, "*all inhabitants*," in support of his theory. It is said that it was solely to satisfy Mr. Cooper that the committee consented to report a bill in which the words "*he or she*" were introduced, when referring to the qualifications of the voter, thus giving a legal endorsement to the alleged meaning of the Constitution. Still no women appeared at the polls—even in that Quaker State.

In 1797 the previous law was repealed, but the same phraseology, "*he or she*," was introduced into the new act. It was in this year that women voted for the first time in New Jersey. There was an election at Elizabethtown, Cosen county, for members of the Legislature. There was fierce rivalry between two of the candidates, John Condit and William Crane, the heads of what were known a year or two later, as the "Federal Republican" and the "Federal Aristocratic" parties—the former the candidate of Newark, the latter of Elizabethtown. They were supposed to stand nearly equal in the number of their adherents. The *Federal Aristocrats* determined upon a *coup d' etat* of the most radical democratic character. On the day of the election, at a late hour, just before the closing of the polls, they brought a number of women to the polls, who, under the existing laws, were allowed to vote. The manœuvre was unsuccessful. Mr. Condit, of Newark, had a majority of ninety-three. The movement was considered very discreditable at the time; and, although another closely contested election occurred the very next year, no female vote was offered in New Jersey for several years. In 1800, during the struggles connected with the election for President between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams, the women of New Jersey, called into the field by the men, voted very generally. After this they continued to do so for some six years. At first the law was so construed that only single women were received as voters, but ere long *all women* over eighteen were considered endowed with the suffrage. At a contested election in Hunterdon county, in 1802, the votes of two or three colored women are said to have actually elected a member to the Legislature. But a change was at hand, forced upon the community by the abuses connected with the novel practice. As the experiment was first tried in

Essex county, so was it proved a flagrant failure on the same ground. In 1806 a new courthouse and jail were to be built for the county of Essex. Newark had been the county town for a long time. But a change was now demanded by the people of Elizabethtown. The question was referred, by act of the Legislature, to an especial election, at which all the inhabitants of the county, qualified to vote for members of the Legislature, were to decide the matter by the suffrage. The contest caused a great excitement. The election was held in February, 1807, and all women *of full age*, eighteen years old, possessing the regular property qualifications, were on this occasion admitted to vote. Before the day closed, urged on by the men, very young girls, of families known to be without the necessary property qualifications, appeared at the polls, and their votes were received. It was even said that many women voted several times on that day. The number of female votes polled was declared to exceed the whole amount of the female population of the county. In short, the corruption of different kinds connected with this notorious election were so manifest, that the Legislature, at its next session, set the whole election aside as fraudulent, and left the buildings to be erected at Newark.

To avoid any recurrence of the same abuses, the Legislature passed an act, dated November 16th, 1807, to which the following preamble was affixed:

"WHEREAS, Doubts have been raised, and great diversities in practice obtained throughout the State in regard to the admission of *aliens, females and persons of color, or negroes*, to vote in elections; and, whereas, it is highly necessary to the safety, quiet, good order and dignity of the State, to clear up the said doubts by an act of the representatives of the people declaratory of the true sense and meaning of the Constitution, and to ensure its just execution in these particulars, according to the intent of the framers thereof; therefore," &c.

By this act the right of suffrage was restricted to *free white male citizens* twenty-one years of age, &c.

This law remained unchanged until a few years since. The new Constitution, then adopted, restricts the right of suffrage to the male sex, in the clearest language.

Thus the brief experiment of New Jersey, as regards Female Suffrage, proved in reality a wretched failure.

GAIL HAMILTON proclaims: "I utterly repudiate the idea that the unwillingness of women to vote implies servility or a lack of self-respect."

MRS. HANNAH B. CUYLER, Newburyport, Mass., has earned with her Wheeler & Wilson Machine in twelve years $6,018.25, without paying a cent for repairs.

Works and Words of Charitable Women in New York City.

One of the most acceptable of our exchanges is the *Advocate and Family Guardian*," published semi-monthly, by the Executive Committee of the AMERICAN FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY, at the House of Industry and Home for the Friendless, 29 E. 29th street, New York city. The aims of the Society of which it is the organ, are thus set forth:

1st. The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found, who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter; and after a suitable probation in their Institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d. To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry, and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

More than fifteen hundred of this class daily receive food, raiment and watch-care through the agency of the Society, while those transiently assisted in the same way amount to as many more.

3d. To afford a place and means of protection for destitute, respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th. To aid and encourage destitute widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc., at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pitfalls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th. To use the press to enlist the public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

☞ The "Home," since it was established in 1847, has sheltered, fed, and clothed temporarily, many thousand children and adults. It is sustained by charitable contributions, and is constantly needing donations of money, clothing, provisions, &c.

The Society has also beyond the local limits of the Home, eleven outside schools, in different parts of the city, called Home Industrial Schools, into which the lowest class of the juvenile population is gathered to be cleansed, clothed, fed and taught, and this work is constantly widening.

Women engaged in these active works of charity have little concern for their political "rights." We find in a June number the following sensible remarks by the editor, Mrs. Helen E. Brown:

"While anniversary week has necessarily changed in its general aspects, we are sorry to say, that its most prominent has become a truly revolting feature. We allude to the attitude in which our own sex has been placed by some of our misguided sisters. In their gatherings, which have been largely attended, and by an audience representing high position and culture, we are pained to learn through the public prints, that doctrines have been boldly advanced which must make all noble, pure-minded women blush and tremble; blush for the disgrace cast upon the sex, and tremble in view of the sad results which must ensue to the young and unguarded. We are glad that the notes of alarm are beginning to sound along the avenues of the press, that if our religious periodicals dare not, our secular papers have the courage to hold up to the public view, the monstrous errors and baleful teachings, which are being so industriously, so rapidly, and so broadly disseminated

"The advocates of woman's rights and woman's suffrage, undoubtedly meant right in the beginning, but certainly are now overstepping the bounds of propriety and truth. They evidently did not count the cost of their undertaking, and so, unwittingly, have opened the sluice-gate for a fearful torrent. It now becomes all women who value purity of heart, integrity and happiness in domestic life, and all the best interests of the sex, to stand aloof from these infatuated guides, and protest with all earnestness against their disorganizing and debasing influence. We certainly can elevate our sex, secure every desirable immunity, and attain the highest degree of usefulness, without embarking on the turbid stream of radical theories and unhallowed doctrines, which have been opened upon us. We hope and pray that this rushing tide of evil may be effectually stayed, that for the sake of the daughters, sisters, wives and mothers, in our city and our country, another anniversary week may not be marred as this has been, by the indiscretion and wrong teaching of ambitious and recreant women.

Miss Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, has a salary of $4,000. Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, daughter of the well-known Prof. Mapes, has $3,000 a year for writing for *Hearth and Home*. These ladies could hardly afford to go into politics. We think the Governors of some of the States have a smaller salary.

DR. CUMMINGS, of Wesleyan University, Connecticut, gives notice that ladies will hereafter be admitted to the college on the same conditions as gentlemen.

The True Woman.

EDITED BY MRS. CHARLOTTE E. McKAY.

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Baltimore, Md., October, 1871.

NEW Subscribers will receive all the back numbers of THE TRUE WOMAN, beginning with March.

In "*The Balance*," of Chicago, the first number of which has come to our office, we find extracts from an address by REV. H. W. BEECHER, on Woman Suffrage, in which some of the objections to the movement are taken up and examined. We have stated, elsewhere, our reasons for opposing Woman Suffrage and have no intention of repeating them here, but there are some points in Mr. Beecher's address on which we would say a few words. Speaking of the objection to going to the polls, he says:

"Whatever thing on God's earth a woman's conscience tells her to do, she can do it, though she stood in the gates of hell, and be every particle a woman just as much.

"Is there anything in this world has so great a reputation for lawlessness as a camp? Are there any sort of creatures that a woman would more fear to face anywhere than some of the stragglers and bummers that can be found in the soldier's camp—raked up by any means and made into an army? And yet, when our armies went into this conflict, how many hundreds of women went, not as companions, but to minister to the boys—to tell the news from home, that they might not be over homesick—to carry tidings of those that they left behind them—to watch over them—to go the hospitals to nurse them. They ate the soldier's fare—they performed the most menial services; but it was love that inspired and sustained them in their toils. And will any man say that after these four years had passed, and these ministers of mercy came back again, that because they had been mixed up with this rabble crew, and had done all these menial and loathsome offices, that they were any the less women? Were they not the more women, and are they not to-day?"

We think it a great mistake to suppose that the unwillingness of women to seeing Woman Suffrage brought about, arises simply from an unwillingness to encounter the inconveniences of the ballot-box. We have often heard this objection urged by men, who, in their chivalrous regard for women, would wish to shield them from duties which they themselves find irksome and sometimes disgusting, but we have never heard of a true woman who would refuse to encounter any hardship or inconvenience which she believed would bring a blessing to her country or her kind. We happen to know that among the most strenuous opposers to Women Suffrage are some who were the first to seek and the last to leave the hospital and the camp in the late war. "They ate the soldier's fare—they performed the most menial services," and do not think that "they are any the less women because they have been mixed up with this rabble crew and done all these menial and loathsome offices." They walked through the soldier's camp, and ministered to thousands, both of friends and foes, as unconsciously and safely as we walk the streets of our own fair city to-day.

It is, therefore, impossible that they would shrink from depositing a vote in the ballot-box did a sense of duty require it. It is not the simple act of dropping the ballot into the box, but the necessary antecedents and consequents that we dread and deprecate.

Again, Mr. Beecher says:

"But they say women don't want to vote. Well, I didn't want to learn my letters, but I had to, and, on the whole, I am not sorry for it. I didn't want to go to meeting, but I had to, and I think that, on the whole, it did me good."

Women, then, who object to having the duties of the ballot forced upon them are held, in Mr. Beecher's estimation, as children yet in their infancy, who, not knowing what is good for them, must be under tutors and governors until the time comes for voting, then all at once they come into their majority, the first token of which is that they find a vote in their hands.

Now, we have the greatest reverence for Mr. Beecher, and have always regarded his words "as apples of gold in pictures of silver," and his opinions on most subjects as *authoritative*. Be it so, then, we "are but children of a larger growth" and submit that we do not know what is best for ourselves, our sex, or our country at large. But then, how comes it that those women who are so clamorous for the ballot for their sex, have so outstripped us in the march of life, that they are not only competent to judge what is good for themselves, but capable also of determining our destiny. If Mrs. A. L. Phelps, Miss Catherine Beecher, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Dahlgren, Miss S. Fennimore Cooper, and a host of thers are still in their pupilage, when and by what magic or hocus pocus did certain other women, whose names are too familiar to the public to need our mention, attain to that happy condition (to which we, according to the course of nature, can now not hope ever to arrive) from which, by reason of strength, having their senses exercised to discern good and evil, they are able to dictate terms of obedience to us? Can Mr. Beecher, or any one else make that straight which seems to us *so crooked?*

[For The True Woman.]

Journalism and Woman Suffrage.

BY MRS. DAHLGREN.

During a recent visit to some Virginia springs, we were witnesses of that anomalous state of social sentiment, which at once encourages and complains of the present license of the press, by which it assumes an inquisitorial right over the private life and character of respectable people.

No longer may worthy citizens claim exemption on the score of living in dignified retirement, from the displeasing notoriety attached to public mention of their names and record of their actions. Certain papers, known to supply this pabulum to morbid taste, were eagerly looked for, and every copy quickly sold, and instantly scanned. We saw many excellent people, while scarcely glancing at the really able leading articles of these papers, who were very especially interested in various letters full of social gossip.

In these letters we find the cherished sanctities of family altars rudely exhibited to public gaze, and introduced to a gaping world by some familiar name, only intended for the privacy of home endearment. In our social circle we have often enjoyed the refined hospitalities extended by dignified matrons and their accomplished daughters. We have thought of these ladies with that pleasant measure of respect, which we desire to merit for ourselves in turn; and assuredly when we find the press, regardless of all claims to forbearance, glibly commenting upon these ladies as "Lizzie, Annie, Jennie," &c., &c.,—so and so," we feel that a certain harm has been done. We recognize that delicate modesty, refined susceptibility, and high-toned ideas of propriety have

been outraged. But, perchance, this very last sentence, requiem-like, only embodies the good which is passing away, and will simply be read to be sneered at by the rising spirit of the age.

Yet, we repeat it, a harm has been done. Our best people regret, deprecate, yet are half bewildered by this inundation of innovations. But they meet with entire favor by coarser and ruder minds, who delight in personalities, and who are well pleased to have names bandied about as common of women who should have been spared the disparagement of such vulgar notoriety.

In this connection we are reminded of an incident of our early life, which may serve to illustrate somewhat the change between now and then. The "*then*" refers to a score or more of years ago, when Annie Royall, the mother of the strong-minded of to-day, having started an offensive little paper at the Capital, made use of it for the express purpose of levying a species of black-mail on all members of Congress and public functionaries generally.

In collecting her subscription list, she used precisely the same peremptory means since found so effective by the various enterprising female-Quixotte editors who have succeeded her. The woman of that day not having been illuminated by that light of progress in which we now revel, had a genuine horror of having their portraits taken for public gaze; and the men of that day, as yet unenlightened in their apprehensions by the female suffrage movement, had also an intense dread of seeing the names of the lady members of their family in print. But to our incident. We had just left school, and were about to be introduced to society, by a father who held at that time, and for many years, a leading place in public life. One morning, while quietly reading a book in the parlor of our boarding house, we were amazed to see our sedate, composed and calm-browed parent hurriedly enter, and seizing our hand in an excited manner, almost drag us to our room, when the door was quickly closed and we locked in and left to our wondering reflections. Now our father was conspicuous among the remarkable men of his day for his never-failing tranquility of manner. He alone would retain an unruffled aspect when engaged in the most excited debates on the floor of Congress. Much did we marvel for the short space of time in which we were left a prisoner, as to what could have so greatly disturbed the habitual calm of this wise man. The mystery was soon unraveled. Annie Royall had been in the house, and the only hope of avoiding a notice in her paper, was to escape her observation. Impressed with the imminent peril of his child, no time had been lost to secure for her a retreat. Thus was it twenty years ago How is it now? Do we behold agitated parents hiding away their daughters when the news reporter makes his inquisitorial rounds? We are answered by a smile at the old-fashioned simplicity of the question.

Certainly, the tone of social life has been lowered. There are yet not a few cultivated women who may feel hurt and indignant to find their names and their movements chronicled with but little of decorum of form. But we fear that these vestiges of the past are rapidly disappearing, for editors aver that their papers never sell so well as when they particularize society items. Such facts are perfectly indicative of the change of manners we are undergoing. The newspaper men are not the party in fault. *They* simply cater for the public taste. We do not now speak of journalism as it *ought* to be, but *as it is*. It clearly reflects the public sentiment and mirrors the nation. It regards its readable matter offered as a purely business affair, and its articles are manufactured to suit its readers just as the tradesman selects his wares to please his customers. We might as well quarrel with the "modiste" who gives us a "perfect fit," as with the journalist who takes an exact measure of the follies of the age. But unlike the good physician, who, when he feels the pulse and finds the excitement of fever, uses displeasing but needed remedies to effect a cure, the journalist too often only assists the ravages of the moral maladies he so skillfully detects.

When are we to hope for the advent of that Christian hero, who with unswerving zeal for the right, will labor to elevate journalism into a redeeming power throughout the land? And to what causes are we to attribute this decadence of good taste and good manners, as expressed by the present journalism? So far as women are concerned, we may dispassionately aver that the long-continued agitation kept up by the female suffragists has had much to do in causing the mischief we deplore. The public harangues of women all over the country; the incendiary and immoral doctrines so boldly advocated by many; the assumptions so constantly made of intolerance of all restraint, progress being defined as free thought, free lives and free loves; the senseless villification of men, our natural protectors, which makes them in turn forget the exercise of their wonted amenity towards us; the brazen adoption of masculine manners and dress; the eager lust of these women for the fierce excitements of political life;—all these causes, surging throughout the length and breadth of this vast country,—all conspire to demoralization and ruin.

Did we not, my sisters, once drink of the pure waters of the mountain heights? Should we not now shudder to behold that passionate Amazonian thirst which has polluted these ten thousand beauteous mountain rills, whose pellucid waters spread richness and peace over this fair land? And now we look upon turbid, swollen torrents, madly rushing on to form a mighty stream of corruption, which shall presently cover the face of the earth. Let us pause, ere we, too, are whirled into this seething vortex. Let us pause, ere this hell's cauldron, like another deluge, may engulf us; for out of this approaching chaos comes no salvation, except in an entire reconstruction.

We are drifting into a worse cataclysm than has ever yet submerged society. Let us accept all the signs of these perilous times, and unite to check this utter madness of the hour, to vindicate our right to be considered modest, virtuous and God-fearing. By such united effort alone may we hope to arrest the growing license of the press, which is but an image of the license of society.

There is much to be done and no time to lose in the doing. When men shall say of us, "She is intelligent, feminine and high-minded," rather than she is "well dressed, *pronouce* and fashionable," we shall have won half the battle, half regained our waning influence. Then shall we be ready to anew enchain the spirit of *animalism*, now triumphant. Yet morality alone may never conquer Satanic forces. Let us invoke the God of hosts to our aid, and then having put on the full armor of religion, we may command the troubled waves *be still*. Let us not waste precious moments in futile indignation at the journalism of the day, but arouse ourselves to check the baleful public sentiment now being fostered, which gives it encouragement and life.

In "War and Culture," Mr. Arthur Helps says: "In many things women are the superiors of men, in many things our inferiors—never our equals. I hold, with Coleridge, that there are souls masculine and feminine. If I were suddenly asked to give a proof of the goodness of God to us, I think I should say that it is most manifest in the exquisite difference He has made between the souls of women and men, so as to create the possibility of the most comfortable and charming companionship that the mind of man can imagine."

The daughter of a physician in Toledo, Ohio, keeps all his accounts, collects his bills, and, generally, does the work of a business agent.

"Woman's Lefts" is the name of a drama in three acts lately issued in England, "illustrating the absurdity of the agitation for woman's rights, and the futile denunciation of man's tyranny."

A writer on the labor question, in speaking of the class of young girls who seek for "genteel situations," says: "Every girl who is willing to work and conform her life to the requirements of the situation can obtain employment where she can be sure of an honest living."

The struggle *of* to-day is not altogether *for* to-day—it is for a vast future also.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

[For the True Woman.]

Nature's Transfiguration.

REMINISCENCE OF AN INDIAN SUMMER MORNING NEAR LAKE ROLAND.

Ere Winter's deadly dealing rime
Blasteth sweet Summer's store,
There ever cometh in this clime
An hour of gift and grace sublime,
Richer than Junetide wore.

Then, with her death-day full in sight,
Nature her lovers leads,
And on October's mount of light,
Stands all transfigured, glorious, bright,
And draped in heavenly weeds.

Trees spread no more mere verdant shade,
Nor grass is simply green;
For earth and atmosphere re-made
Are in the hues and light arrayed
Of some celestial scene.

What shining shapes! what stately things!
What glowing presences!
Mantles of prophets, robes of kings,
Show less imperial purplings—
Less blaze, less gold, than these.

From opening skies there seems to gush
A recognizing sign,
While forests' depths all throb and flush,
And every shrub a burning bush,
Flames with a sense divine.

And nature's august visage gleams
With some mysterious daze;
And hills and hollows, scars and seams,
Are glinted o'er with rainbow beams
Of pure prismatic rays.

For hoar frost's pearls deck all the dale
With fringes white and fine,
And where the hills in sunlight swell,
Myriads of dewy diamonds dwell,
That mock Golconda's mine.

The lakelet lifts to heaven an eye,
Dim with a visioned woe;
There misty steeds careering fly,
And mythic animals go by,
Fantastic, Protean, slow.

Here fain would poets pause and stay,
And fold in more their tents.
List! how enrapt they boldly pray:
"Ah! glorious show fade not away,
Take not, oh fair October day,
Thy sweet revealings hence."

E'en while they cry, a dreary cloud
Enfolds the blissful scene;
With fitful wailings, low and loud,
The winds come weaving the white shroud
That soon shall hide the sheen.

The mystic pageant passes o'er,
Yet henceforth earth's a shrine
Where nature's priests for aye adore,
Feeling they tread a temple floor
Lucid with life divine.

E.

The Revised Woman.

The mothers and teachers of the present generation have the solution of this problem largely in their own hands. They should reverse, by a common revolutionary determination, the present standard of fashionable American womanhood. They should plainly teach their girls these truths: That it is better to possess a pair of healthy lungs than a taper waist. That it is better to walk erect than to have small feet in pinching, high-heeled boots. That it is better to be free from headache than to wear a chignon, and better to have brains inside one's head than dead men's hair outside of it. That it is better to have a heart calm and generous than one liable to be thrown into a violent palpitation by pressure of corset, pressure of shoe, repressed circulation in both extremities, and the heat of blood inflamed by fires modest women do not permit to burn. That it is better to have a convex chest of one's own than that obtained at a *modiste's;* better to have square, plump shoulders, made by good food and lively exercise, than automaton pads furnished by a dressmaker; better to have bright lips, ruddy with healthy blood, and bright eyes, beaming with intelligence and health; better that the whiteness of the forehead and the carnation of the cheeks, the taper of the fingers, and the pink of the rounded nail should follow the process of unabused nature than that they should be produced by degraded art.

The young lady of to-day should be taught that the chief blessing of her life, next to virtue, is good health; and that her greatest curse and most successful enemy is the arbitrary rule of an ignorant rabble of wealthy women, who have sacrificed womanhood and good health together for the temporary feasting of their vanity and the gratification of passions baser and more degraded. She should be taught that unless her ambition aims at the wreck of womanhood to be found wherever fashionable women congregate, she must make herself a woman by a process different from that by which these women have been made. She must learn the practical value of adapting her dress to her body not her body to her dress; of producing warmth in her heart, color in her lips and cheeks, richness in her hair, erectness in her figure, expansion in her chest, and good sense in her head, by the methods nature and God provided by which, moreover, can alone be produced the only genuine womanhood, physical, mental and moral, that the world has ever seen or will ever see again.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Correspondence.

[*From San Francisco, Cal.*]

At a convention held here in the Spring by the "strong-minded," one of the speakers, a woman who is considered a leader of the movement on the Pacific coast, said: "Women have tried moral suasion long enough; hereafter they will resort to the same means as men do in politics—*whiskey.*" This was applauded. Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony visited Mrs. Fair, and mentioned her favorably in their speeches, though they did not go to the length of justifying her that some of the party do.

[*From Ohio.*]

EDITORS OF THE TRUE WOMAN:—*Ladies*—I have spent three days canvassing for signatures to your petition and have obtained 116 names, besides a list of subscribers to your paper, which I send with the money enclosed. I could do much more, but have a large family, and work for them and at my loom, (I may almost say) day and night. I find intelligent and respectable ladies willing to sign, and many say they would not vote even if the laws allowed them to. But the ignorant are anxious to vote. In one house, the most filthy place I ever entered, I found six women. The old girl of the house sat leaning back in a window chair, looking half asleep, with her hands folded across her breast, hair uncombed, bare feet unwashed, a greasy calico dress that looked as if it had not seen a soap-suds bath for a month of butchering days, her face and arms as greasy as her dress. When I had read and explained the petition as usual, she said, "No, I want to vote; I think we are better calculated to vote and to make the laws than half of the men are." Another said, "I want to vote, and I have as good a right to vote as the *nigger.*" The others answered in much the same way, and all agreed that they "could make better laws than the men."

[*From the Shreveport (La.) Republican.*]

THE following petition was sent by an eminent physician of our community to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Washington, D. C. We believe it has never been published by the lady, who undoubtedly received it, so we will give it as an offset to the petition of the Woodhull-Clafflin ring, which petition appeared in their weekly on the 8th of April last. The following was sent by our friend under date of 16th April.

It will be seen that the Doctor handles these fair dam-sells without gloves, at the same time shows his insight into the origin of the Communist revolution, and the results of such an upheavel of the social orders as occurred in France during the reign of the Communists. He says that authentic manuscript documents can prove the germ of this question of woman's rights, to have been nurtured and come into active life in the corrupted soil of the old French revolution of '89. If one will study the historical events of that melancholy epoch of French history, they will come to the same conclusion. Here is the negative petition.

PETITION.

To the Congress of the United States:

I, the undersigned, in the name of millions of citizens of the United States, being fully convinced that under the original Constitution of the United States, and by the provisions of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments women citizens are "NOT" entitled to vote, do most earnestly request your honorable body to pass a declaratory bill to provide a free admission to all advocates of Woman's Suffrage in a mad house or a hospital of incurable

and chronic diseases, because their ideas are an insanity and the chronic cancer of our community. The Woman's Rights agitators are working to put our country in the same trouble and situation as is France, at the present time, by the agitators of communism. These theories are against the law of nature, which cannot be changed by any human power. Communists will destroy and abolish the rights of properties and govern with the power of "violence and homicides," etc. Woman suffragists will destroy and abolish all domestic happiness, lawful marriages and matrimonial obligations, etc., govern with the power of woman's intrigues and the customs of free love and abortions at large.

Illustrious Senators and members of Congress! All honest men and women trust in your dignity that you will not give your votes to a law of woman's suffrage in exchange for "favors" of a few intrigants and fascinating women. Remember, gentlemen, that no government has ever succeeded through the intrigues of women to make the people prosperous or happy. DR. F. J.

[For The True Woman.]

From Friendships of Women.

By W. R. Alger.

We read in Norse Mythology that the gods tied Loki, the impersonation of the evil principle, to three sharp rocks, and hung a snake over him in such a way that its venom should drip on his face. But in this dreadful case, there was one who did not forsake him. His wife, Sigyn, sat close by his head, and held a bowl to catch the torturing drops. As often as the bowl was full she emptied it with the utmost haste, because during that time the drops struck on his face, and made him scream with agony. Her patience in holding the bowl, and her speed in emptying it never failed. It is a forcible emblem of the ministration of woman to man But for man to impose a service of this nature on woman is a cruel arrogance and wrong. The voluntary spirit of such a service teaches the one lesson which man himself needs to learn for his own salvation. * *

Being out of politics, which is the transient sphere of some, is it not best that woman keep out of it, and devote herself to morality, which is the permanent sphere of all? Here is furnished an honorable ground on which she may be not shut out, but *excused from* the province of government. * * * * * * *

Some of the champions of "the rights of women" in our day, apparently commit the error of inverting the real desideratum, which is to make men renounce and love like the finest women—not to make women exact and fight like the coarsest men. But our hope lies in the Saint, not in the Amazon. Woman, as seen in the Mary, who sat at the feet of Christ, brings a heavenly ministration to rescue man from everything discordant; woman, as seen in the Penthesilea, who fought Achilles, offers man but a perverted reflection of himself.

Self-Decoration.

If I were called upon to point out the most alarming sins in this city to-day, those which are most wide-spread in their ravages, most deceitful in their influences, and most soul-destroying in their ultimate effects, I would not mention drunkenness with all its fearful havoc, nor gambling with its crazed victims, nor harlotry with its hellish orgies, but the *love of money*, on the part of men, and the *love of display*, on the part of women. While open vice sends its thousands, these fashionable and favored indulgences send their ten thousands to perdition. They sear the conscience, encrust the soul with an impenetrable shell of worldliness, debauch the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make the man or woman a worshiper of self. And, while doing all this, the poor victim is allowed by public opinion to think himself or herself a Christian; while the drunkard, the gambler, and the prostitute is not deceived by such a thought for a moment.

The three glories of a woman—her triple crown, which makes her power more efficient than that of the Vatican, and constitutes her in her true and normal life the minister of grace and health to the race—are modesty, truth and sympathy. All three of these are tarnished by the self-decorator. For modesty, we have the brazen face with which young misses even stare unblushingly at all they meet; for truth, we have the perpetual lie of fashionable society; and for sympathy, the headlong plunge after selfish indulgence. I do not speak as a cynic, as one who would morosely deny the proper recreations and light enjoyments that our natures need as they do air and food, nor do I ignore the fact that some noble spirits are faithfully resisting this spreading evil; but with all these allowances, I see the Christian Church violently invaded by this fatal iniquity; I see Christian mothers justifying it on every hand, and Christian daughters dragged into the vortex by the very hands that ought to have been thrown around them for protection; I see the influence of this self-decoration by the force of example extending itself over all classes and conditions of society, like a subtle poison, eating out the life of Christianity and leaving the mere name. And, seeing this, I cannot, as a minister of Jesus Christ, keep silent without becoming a partaker of the sin. It is my duty to warn Christian women of this foe to piety that they are more or less nursing in their hearts and in their families, and to urge them to that simplicity of apparel which is alone consistent with a Christian heart, and which will ever help them to be separated from a vain and godless world.—*From Consecrated Looking Glasses, by Dr. Crosby.*

[For The True Woman.

Maria and her Husband.

Sitting, not long since of an evening on the piazza of the Black Rock House, with the waters of Massachusetts bay washing up the pebbles at our feet, watching the sparkle of Minot's Ledge light house on our right, that of Boston harbor on our left, the glimmering lights of Marblehead, Salem and Cape Ann along the misty horizon in front, while the full moon rising from the ocean and reflecting a golden pathway almost to our feet, seemed inviting us to walk the burnished surface of the tranquil water, we fell into a desultory talk on the ways and manners of society, or the people who compose it, and my friend, among other stories from her experience, related one which I thought contained a moral that ought not to be lost. I, therefore, transcribe it as I heard it from her, and commend it to the attention of the many thoughtful readers of "*The True Woman*"

Now, there was Maria B. and her fine husband Harry—when they were married, and that is only about ten or twelve years ago, Harry was a fine, jolly fellow, loving Maria with his whole heart, and devoting himself to a business which was so prosperous that he was able to place her in a delightful home in Boston, with all the appointments of a well ordered and elegant household. I had been married about three years before, and as we lived in the same street, not far away, and Maria and I were old schoolmates, it was a matter of great interest to me to watch what seemed the promise of a happy domestic life, and I rejoiced that one more centre of blessings was added to those with which our goodly city abounds. But I soon noticed, with some anxiety, that Maria's ideas of home life had been cultured in the atmosphere of novels and romances, and that artistic effects, rather than principles, or even affection, formed the motive power of her busy life.

Things moved on, however, without any apparent jar for a year or two, until the first baby came and conferred on the young couple the dignities and responsibilities of parents. Then Maria, in the pride and joy of her heart, began the rôle of the interesting and devoted young mother. This was, of course, right to a certain extent, but she seemed to forget that wise and comprehensive rule of duty, "this ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone." Rejoicing in the sweet duties of a mother, she forgot that those of the wife still claimed her, and poor Harry often found himself the neglected third party in the domestic circle.

"Why," I said to her one evening as I found her sitting by the crib of her baby boy, "do you confine yourself so to the nursery? Why not let nurse take your place, now that baby is well in bed, and come down to the parlor to see, and be seen of, your friends?"

"Oh!" replied Maria with that touch of egotism which I had often remarked in her, "I could not give up this duty to a servant. A mother's place is always by the side of her child. I do not feel happy a moment away from him."

"But how does Harry spend his evenings? Surely after his busy days he must need you. You can hire some one to assist in the care of your child, but you cannot hire any one to entertain your husband, and if you could, it might, in the end, prove a very unprofitable experiment."

"Well, Harry walks back and forth in the parlor, and then comes to the stairs and calls, 'are you not ready? I'm tired waiting, and must go out without you if you do not come.' But I seldom leave baby in the evening, and so, poor fellow, he has to go and take his walks alone."

"Poor fellow, sure enough," I thought, and wondered where it would all end.

So things went on for a few years, and then another baby came, and by this time Maria began to weary of her incessant devotion to the nursery and to think that a little more society would be an agreeable variety.

"I don't see you out often, Maria; do you not confine yourself to the house more closely than is necessary?"

"I do, indeed, stay at home most of the time," said she, "but how can I help it? Georgie (baby No. 1) is so cross that I can hardly get away from him an hour in the day time, though his nurse is a model of patience and goodness, and then Harry always goes out as soon as tea is over, and where he spends his evenings I don't know. Never with me, that's certain."

Ah, thought I, poor fellow, though I said never a word.

The sequel of this story you may readily imagine, though you will hardly believe that since that time Maria has had to take her husband to an inebriate's asylum and leave him there as the most suitable place for the "poor fellow." And yet it came about very naturally. Finding himself deserted and lonely in his home, he could neither spend his evenings there nor make social calls without his wife, and so soon got in the way of frequenting clubs, theatres, saloons, and, ere he was aware, the habit of drinking to excess was fastened on him. He had struggled against it, for he loved his wife and children devotedly, and had sense enough to see what would be the consequences of his habits to them; and when, at last, he found that he was losing the confidence of his business associates and unable longer to hold up his head in business circles, he begged, as a last resort, to be taken to the asylum. Possibly he may be cured of the terrible malady—possibly he may come out and take his place again as a husband and father, and a MAN among men, but he can, by no possibility, ever be what he might have been, had Maria understood at the outset the full scope and importance of her duties and responsibilities as a wife.

N. Cohasset, Mass. C. E. J.

Book Notices.

TALKS ABOUT HEALTH. By Dio Lewis, A. M., M. D., (Boston: Dr. Dio Lewis).

We know of no writer who discourses more pleasantly of the laws of Physiology and Hygiene than Dr. Lewis. His talks about what we shall eat, what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed, ventilation, drugs, occupations and kindred topics, have a freshness and interest that entice the reader onward like the pages of a romance. Rich poor men and poor rich men may alike reap benefit from his precepts. To mothers and all who have the care of children we commend his directions as worthy the most careful consideration, and our young lady friends would find his instructions, *if well followed*, an invaluable help to the cultivation of health and beauty. We give a few extracts:

"*Our Hair.* What will beautify a woman's hair? Whatever will invigorate the hair glands! Oils and most other applications debilitate the hair glands. Cold water is best. At first the head looks like a witch, but after a few weeks it makes the hair luxuriant. By the persistent use of cold water I have seen thin, poor hair become rich and curly. Only the part of the hair next the scalp should be wet. It must be thoroughly dried.

"*Our Teeth.* Perfect cleanliness will preserve the teeth to old age. How shall it be secured? Use a quill pick, and rinse the mouth after eating. Brush and castile soap every morning; the brush with simple water on going to bed. Bestow this trifling care on your precious teeth, you will keep them and ruin the dentists. Neglect it, and you will be sorry all your life.

"*Our Chairs.* Our chair seats are too high and too nearly horizontal. The present seats produce discomfort, round shoulders and other distortions. The best of all chair bottoms is the cane, which is neither too soft nor too hard. But still more important, it is cool. Much headache and congestion are due to rocking chairs, the motion is a peculiarly unhealthy one. Numberless children are mischievously affected by the rocking cradle."

We are also indebted to some unknown friend for a series of little books, entitled THE MISCHIEF OF BAD AIR; HEALTH OF MOTHERS; WHOSE FAULT IS IT? OR, HOW TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME; THE INFLUENCE OF WHOLESOME DRINK; VALUE OF GOOD FOOD, and SOWING THE SEED, all of which we find interesting and instructive, and wish they might be read, marked, inwardly digested, and acted on by every woman in the land.

NOTICE.

MRS. LINCOLN PHELPS, Corresponding Secretary of the Ladies' National Anti-Woman-Suffrage Committee, requests that all petitions to Congress opposing WOMAN SUFFRAGE, may be forwarded to her by the 1st of December next.

Baltimore, Md., October, 1871.

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